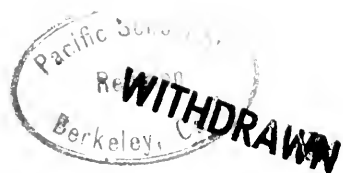


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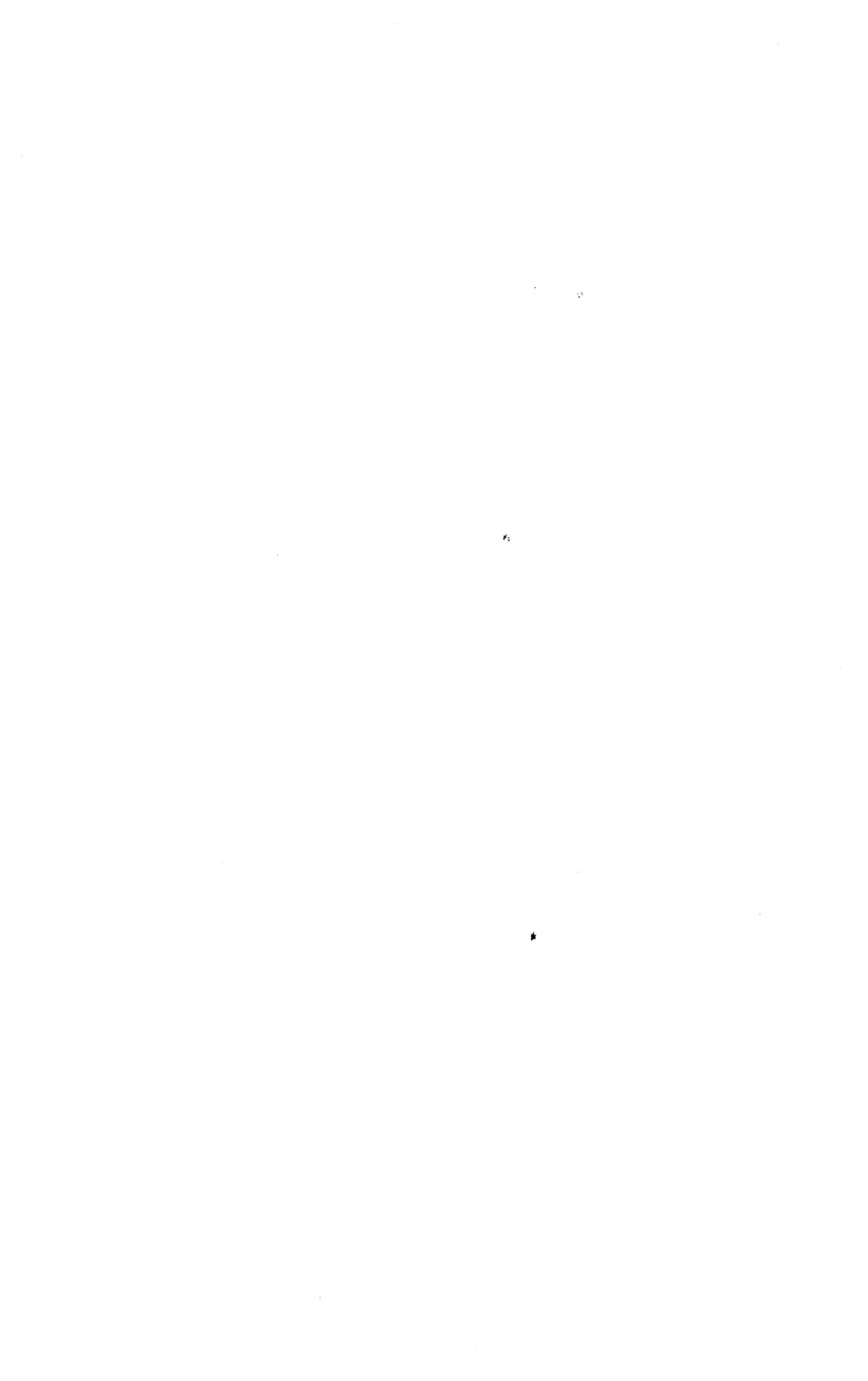
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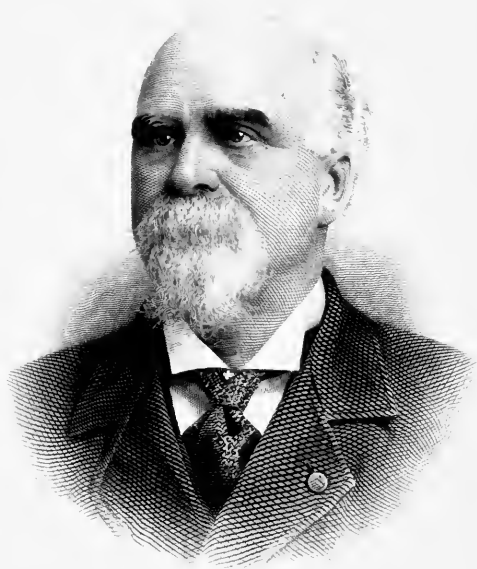
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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MONROE L. HAYWARD

(LATE A SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS,

FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
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DEATH OF MONROE L. HAYWARD.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

DECEMBER 5, 1899.

MR. THURSTON. Mr. President, it becomes my painful duty to announce that the Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, Senator-elect from the State of Nebraska for the term commencing March 4, 1899, departed this life at 6 o'clock and 20 minutes this morning, at his home in Nebraska City. On some future and fit occasion it is my purpose to present and ask consideration by the Senate of appropriate memorial resolutions. At the present time I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask their immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions offered by the Senator from Nebraska will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, lately elected Senator from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, December 6, 1899, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FEBRUARY 16.

Mr. THURSTON. Mr. President, I wish to announce that at the close of morning business on Friday, the 2d day of March, I will request that the legislative business be laid aside that Senators may pay fitting tribute to the memory of the late MONROE L. HAYWARD, Senator-elect from the State of Nebraska. I have consulted with some of the Senators having in charge the paramount business of the Senate, and I think that that time is agreeable.

MARCH 2, 1900.

Mr. THURSTON. Mr. President, in view of the pressure of important public business, I withdraw the notice I had given for this day and give notice anew that on Saturday, March 10, as soon after the routine morning business as may be convenient, I will submit resolutions on the death of the late MONROE L. HAYWARD, Senator-elect from the State of Nebraska.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MARCH 10, 1900.

Mr. THURSTON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions presented by the Senator from Nebraska will be read to the Senate.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That it is with deep regret and sorrow that the Senate hears the announcement of the death of Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, late Senator-elect from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the Senate extends to his family and to the people of the State of Nebraska sincere condolence in their bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable those who would have been his associates had he lived to take his seat in this body to pay fitting tribute to his high character and distinguished worth.

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit to the family of the deceased and to the governor of the State of Nebraska a copy of these resolutions, with the action of the Senate thereon.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect at the conclusion of these exercises the Senate do adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. THURSTON, OF NEBRASKA.

MR. PRESIDENT: MONROE L. HAYWARD was elected United States Senator from the State of Nebraska for the full term of six years, commencing March 4, 1899. It was the culmination of a worthy ambition, the rounding out of a life replete with achievement.

When the Senate met on the first Monday of December, 1899, Mr. HAYWARD was lying on his deathbed, and was never sworn in as a Senator of this body. So far as I know, his is the first case of this kind in the history of the Senate. For the first time the Senate is asked to listen to eulogies upon the life and character of a Senator-elect. I know there are no precedents for the request, but I have felt justified in making it in the case of a man who was in every sense of the word a Senator of the United States, who was entitled to a seat in this body, whose credentials had been received and accepted, and whose succession has been provided for by appointment by the governor of Nebraska, upon the theory that a vacancy happened by his death.

I knew Mr. HAYWARD long and well, as a practicing attorney, as a practical business man, as a judge, and as a political leader. Our friendship began more than thirty years ago and continued up to the time of his death. In every walk of life he was a true man. Frank, open, conscientious, and honest in all his dealings with his fellow-

men, he had and held the universal confidence and respect of the people of his State.

At the breaking out of the war of the rebellion he volunteered as a private in a New York regiment. Only a boy in years, he made for himself a record on the battlefields of his country of which any man might justly be proud. He wore no epaulets and wielded no sword of command, but he carried his musket bravely and gallantly, and his old comrades are loud in their praise of his many acts of valor and daring on desperate fields.

The war over, he completed his education as best he could, and was admitted to the bar about the year 1867; soon after which time he located in Nebraska City, Nebr., and entered upon the practice of his profession. For all that he accomplished he was obliged to work. His is a splendid example of what it is possible for a poor American boy to do. As a youth he toiled by day and pursued his studies by the midnight lamp. His earnest, patient, untiring application to his studies indicate well the sturdy character of the man; the indomitable energy, the courageous persistence, which can not fail of success.

He was a brave man in every sense of the word. Brave in battle, brave in the search of knowledge, brave in the performance of his daily task, brave in the pursuit of honorable preferment, brave in the performance of all official duties, and brave in the living of an earnest Christian life.

Mr. HAYWARD won a high place at the bar of my State and ranked with the foremost of its practitioners. From the first he established himself in the confidence of the courts, without which no lawyer can ever reach the highest

measure of success. He served for some years as one of our district judges with great honor and ability, retiring from the bench of his own choice to return to the practice of the law. He was a successful business man, public spirited, and just and generous in all his dealings with his fellow-men. His domestic life was sweet, simple, and serene; his hearthstone was always the altar of his sacred worship.

Judge HAYWARD was a politician in the highest and best sense of the term. He was not an office-seeker, and on many occasions refused to accept political preferment voluntarily tendered him by his fellow-citizens. He took a deep interest in all public questions, and always insisted on clean and honest political methods. Although a stalwart partisan, he would not under any circumstances countenance the political success of his party or its candidates if tainted in any way by the faintest suspicion of questionable methods.

In the campaign of 1898 his party called upon him by unanimous voice to head the Republican ticket as its nominee for Governor of the State of Nebraska. He neither desired the nomination nor the office, but yielded his own personal wishes to the overwhelming popular demand. He made a vigorous, honorable, able campaign, and reduced a normal fusion majority of 15,000 to less than 3,000. His defeat did not weaken him, but greatly strengthened him in the confidence and esteem of his fellow-Republicans, and so it was that when the legislature of Nebraska met in January, 1899, with a Republican majority, he found himself, without solicitation on his part, the choice of his party for United States Senator. It too frequently happens that the

choice of the party is not the choice of the legislature; and for a long time the Senatorial election was held in abeyance by the entry into the field of other candidates whose few but faithful followers continued for several weeks a Senatorial deadlock. The will of his party, however, finally prevailed, and Mr. HAYWARD was elected Senator, to the great satisfaction of the Republicans of Nebraska. The long struggle wore upon him mentally and physically, and I have no doubt had much to do in bringing on the illness to which he finally succumbed.

At the time of his election he was in the very prime of life; a sturdy, magnificent specimen of manhood; a grand man, robust and intellectual, instinctively pointed out in any assemblage as a master and leader of men. Looking upon him, it seemed as if nature had intended him for long life, and the citizens of his State were happy in the belief that they were to be represented in the Senate of the United States for many years by one certain of distinction and recognition among the ablest statesmanship of the land. How forcibly comes to us who saw him then, wearing the laurels of a people's offering, the lines of the poet:

Ah! had it been but told us then to mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men, would we have singled him?

His death came to the people of his State as a shock; to the Republican party of Nebraska as a bitter disappointment. The State lost the services of a man of preeminent ability, certain to render it good service and to win for it recognition and honor. And in addition to this, his party lost a seat in the Senate of the United States which had only been won after a stubborn political battle that tested its energy to the uttermost. We know that for him it is

well, but for those who loved him—his family, his friends, his party, and his State—the loss is irreparable.

In the contemplation of his untimely death how vain seems human ambition! How futile the strife for fame, the struggle for place! And how often does it happen that in the hour of triumph the victor among men bows to the inevitable summons of the grim messenger.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

And yet MONROE L. HAYWARD did not live in vain. His whole life is a shining example to those who knew him and those who come after him; and who does not believe that after a life so worthily lived, after a career so honorably rounded, he has but exchanged the perishable laurel of an earthly triumph for the deathless diadem of an immortal crown?

Such a life as MONROE L. HAYWARD lived, such a death as he died, illustrate many homely lessons worthy of our most reverent attention. He rose from the humblest walks of life to the eminence of leadership. There is nothing impossible to the American child, born as he was the inheritor of American character and virtue; surrounded as he was in youth by the purifying influences of a Christian home; blessed as he was with the counsel and care of a true, good mother; surrounded as he was by the opportunities of American life; inspired as he must have been by the study and contemplation of American history. The doors of opportunity still swing open for the American youth. There is no bar to the ambition or success of the poor

man's son in this land of equal privileges and splendid possibilities. On the broad highway of American progress the barefoot boy outstrips the golden chariot of ancestral wealth, and the humblest mother in this broad land, as she hushes the weak protests of a baby's lips upon her holy breast, knows that her boy may live to become the President of the Republic.

Mr. HAYWARD'S life teaches us the value of persistent effort. He was a student, earnestly, persistently seeking out the heart of things. Nature gave him a magnificent body topped by a kingly head, but the intellect of the mature man that won for him success and honor and leadership was the product of years of persistent effort. The character, the integrity that brought to him the respect and confidence of all who knew him, was the result of long years of right action. And the good name, which is the richest heritage of his descendants, was his, because day in and day out, through all the years of his life, in public and private affairs, he had so conducted and carried himself as to richly deserve it.

Mr. HAYWARD was a logician and an orator, a trained intellectual debater, winning men to his cause by the irresistible force of plain, simple, logical presentation. There was nothing ornate in his speech. He never talked over the heads of the crowd, and in all his efforts at the bar and in the forum he relied upon the justice of his case rather than upon any oratorical method of presentation. He won men to him through the simplicity, directness, and geniality of his manner. Men turned instinctively to him for leadership, knowing that he would never abandon a cause once espoused or desert a friend in any hour of trial.

He needs no shaft of sculptured marble, no words of praise—his memory is his monument, his character his epitaph.

In conclusion, Mr. President, permit me to reverently express my opinion that the death of MONROE L. HAYWARD was a serious loss to this body and to the country. His sterling integrity, his trained intellect, his great legal acquirements, his profound study of national affairs, his deathless patriotism, fitted him above most men to grapple with and successfully solve the mighty problems that now confront us as a people. There is no dearth of true statesmanship in the United States, no lack of strong, brave men to man the ship of state; but the loss of even one such is to be deeply regretted and deplored.

For the dead I do not mourn. It is the loss to the living that I regret. He has passed into the great beyond. He has solved the problem beyond the veil. He stands face to face with the Great Judge of the Universe, who will deal with him as a father with a child; and he is at rest.

In the city of surcease
There is only rest and peace
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun;
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but lightly o'er the biers
Making music to the sleepers, every one.
There is only peace and rest,
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

Mr. President, I ask to have inserted in the Record, as a supplement to my remarks, the address delivered at Mr. HAYWARD'S funeral by the Rev. H. L. House.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, permission to do so will be granted.

The address referred to is as follows:

Remarks by Rev. H. L. House at the funeral of United States Senator Monroe Leland Hayward, Nebraska City, Nebr., December 7, 1899.

"Each man's life is all men's lesson," says a modern poet. No one closes his earthly career without furnishing in his life and death valuable instruction to those left behind. Vices that blacken, virtues that ennoble, mistakes that embitter, successes that make glad, each and all in turn teach lessons we do well to heed. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."

Garfield is lying there upon his deathbed. The days of pain have lengthened into weeks of agony while a nation gathers about in prayer and in tears. From across the waters Gladstone sends greeting in these words: "In the name of our common Master I congratulate you upon your Christian fortitude." As nobly in his death as in his life did that noble man give witness to the power that sustained him. A woman in China lies dying. The light of the gospel of the Son of God has but just entered her darkened heart, and now death claims her. What may she do for the ignorant sisters about her before her earthly light goes out? She can not tell them of Jesus; her strength will not permit it. But she has seen many a heathen die; she has witnessed their despair, heard their shrieks of fear. Turning to her friends, she says: "Bear me out into the open air; call to my side friend and neighbor and the chance passer-by, that they may see how a Christian dies."

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Where God would teach us how we ought to live, how we may live, He sent His Son into the world to be born of a woman and to live a sinless life in the flesh, and so God incarnated His thought of manhood, and at the feet of the Christ the world sits to-day in reverent study, learning from the Man how to translate truth into conduct.

The Scriptures therefore justify—nay, they seem to demand—that we pause a moment ere we lay away the sacred dust, to study the life just ended among us. Into the details of that life I shall not enter. The press has already done that. That part of his life in which the great public is specially concerned I may pass by with a brief mention. That service is by right the sad privilege of his associates in public life. It is of Mr. HAYWARD the man I wish to speak, and to voice as best I may the feelings of these friends and neighbors gathered here in such numbers to pay tribute to his worth.

Some homely lessons this man's life has illustrated and still enforces—lessons this generation is prone to forget, upon which it ought often and long to meditate. And first, I notice, true success does not depend upon the accidents of birth or fortune.

The highest gift in the power of the people to bestow is possible to every rank and station. Men of humble birth, whose early years were a battle

with circumstances that compelled most rigid economy, have reached among us social and political leadership. The dream of England's gifted poet has more than once been fulfilled on American soil, where some—

Divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;
Who breaks his birth's invidious bars
And grasps the skirts of happy chance
And breasts the blows of circumstance
And grapples with his evil stars;
Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mold a mighty state's decrees
And shape the whisper of a throne;
And moving up from high to higher
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire.

Not in prophecy of what may be, but in description of what actually is under American skies at the dawn of the twentieth century, do we recite these words in the ears of the young men of to-day. Leadership, headship, kingship in social life and statecraft are among the future possibilities of the barefoot lad who swings the bat on the village ball ground. Seventeen dollars in money and a mother's blessings were Garfield's earthly possessions as he entered upon the struggle which lifted him to national honor.

Mr. HAYWARD's life began in a typical Eastern home of a generation ago. In that home Christian influences dominated, the more manly, robust virtues were inculcated, and the bread eaten was won by honest industry. Out from that home in early manhood Mr. HAYWARD came to make his own way in life, he himself at last becoming a type of that American of whom we are the proudest to-day—the independent, self-made citizen. By birth, by sympathy, he belonged to the people. He was our "Great Commoner." He identified himself with the so-called "masses" period. He gave a ready ear and a helping hand to the needs of the struggling, and had he taken his seat in national council, even there he would have been the champion of the weak and the oppressed. No wonder the people loved him.

I notice, again, that Mr. HAYWARD's life illustrates the value of industry.

I do not understand that our friend was dowered with unusual natural gifts. You would hardly characterize him as a man of "brilliant parts." His was an intellect trained to keenest, most discriminating thought; but it was an intellect trained. His was a massive brain commensurate with his magnificent physique; but his brain fiber was the product of long years of

severest mental discipline. It was his custom from young manhood to grasp present-day problems; to weigh them, ponder them, master them. These problems have grown more subtle, more difficult of mastery, and in trying to keep himself abreast of his age Mr. HAYWARD'S brain was kept at its utmost tension. He was a student, a hard worker. He never dawdled. With Lord Derby he could say, "Whether I be happy or unhappy is not my chief concern; what most concerns me is to find my work in life, to recognize it, and to do it." He dignified toil. His life was an apotheosis of the plodder.

But come closer to this man and learn the value of honesty.

I know the opinion prevails in some circles that if a man would be successful in business or in politics he must not have too nice notions of right and wrong; that he must play fast and loose with morals, juggle with conscience, make compromise with sin. In some circles it is the thing to sneer at Puritanism and laud the "smart" man whose shrewdness laughs at the Decalogue. How our friend's life refutes such teachings! What was it one year ago in the brilliant campaign that reduced so greatly the large majority of the two years previous and almost made our friend the chief executive of this State? What was it a little later that elected MONROE LELAND HAYWARD to the Senate of the United States? This one thing, so conceded by all, Mr. HAYWARD'S downright honesty. He had lived an upright life. "He locked his lips too tight to tell a lie. He washed his hands too clean to take a bribe."

He had a clean record. There was nothing he needed to conceal.

And more than once God has taught this nation this self-same lesson, aye, written it large, so that the wayfaring man may see it. Look back there some forty years ago. Our country is in turmoil; her very existence threatened. Envy, jealousy, hatred, party greed, sectional bitterness, and over it all the black, ominous cloud of coming war across which the lightnings begin to gleam in dread portent. Is democracy doomed? Can the Union be preserved? Has God abdicated His throne? Is there anywhere a hand that can guide in safety over these swirling waters our ship of state? And now God stretches out his hand to write. A party then hardly known lays hold upon one whose fame but yesterday was limited to his own State and makes him its standard bearer. And now they ring out their rallying cry, at once a protest and a challenge, "Honest Old Abe," and on a wave of popular enthusiasm Abraham Lincoln is lifted to the Presidential chair because the conviction had fastened itself upon the popular heart that here was a man, raised up from among the common people, who could be implicitly trusted.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," words that God seems to have chiseled in the noble face of our friend now lying in repose before us. How many public men during the past few years have fallen into obscurity because of their connection with some disreputable transaction. How many men of wealth, of great intellectual power, of

social standing, never may hold any public office because their names bear the taint of dishonorable dealing. The feeling has taken root and is growing in the heart of the nation, in spite of wickedness in high places, that men of doubtful character shall not represent us before the nations of the earth; that to clean hands and pure hearts shall be committed our great public trusts. Already, other things being equal, the man of blameless life wins the prize that noble ambition covets. The man to-day who would hold high office in our nation would do well to meditate upon Jethro's advice to Moses, "Provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such to be rulers over you."

But let us draw still closer to this man and learn the value of genuineness.

Our friend was honest in action not simply because "honesty is the best policy." His outward life but conformed itself to an inner principle. He could express himself in no other way. True character has no need of cloaking itself with pretense. Inclination and duty yoke themselves together. Moral integrity characterized Mr. HAYWARD's conduct because his character was transparently genuine. How he hated shams! How he scorned the hypocrite! How powerless was friend or foe to whip him into any line of action! How he fretted against restraint! And how impolitic he oftentimes was in speech, judged by selfish standards!

He was a man of strong convictions. He saw clearly; he believed firmly; he fought consistently, and as the brave fight. He never could have been a leader in guerrilla warfare. In ambush or in trench he was not at his best. But in an open field, where carnal weapons or opposing principles clashed, there at the forefront would you find him, the bravest of the brave. You might differ with him widely on matters of vital moment, but he always compelled your reluctant confession, "He himself believes what he professes."

He was a born orator. Thought came to him run in the oratorical mold. He could best marshal in ordered ranks every faculty of his being when on his feet and before an expectant audience. And never was he grander than when, in the glow of a public address, under the inspiration of a cause which his heart had espoused, he unmasked and scourged some traitor to that cause. How his eyes flashed! How his words stung! Infamy seemed branded on the craven's brow. No wonder the trickster hated him and the "ring" feared him.

It was this quality in him that made him such a stanch friend and that won for him such warm love. Years ago he became almost passionately attached to the soldier of the Republic, and to the day of his death any man was dear to him who wore the G. A. R. button upon his breast.

Recall that scene in our legislative hall last winter. The long struggle is over, the last ballot is announced, and Mr. HAYWARD is called to the platform for a speech. Briefly, tactfully, he recalls the struggle just ended, forecasts with a prophet's ken the great struggles to come, and then turns, with a voice that chokes, to thank the men who had so loyally

supported him—the “Old Guard,” as he significantly calls them—promising to do for them anything that may honorably be done by their Senator. It was the heart of the man who then spake, as tender a heart as ever beat in a woman’s breast. I am not surprised that strong men stood there with tears running down their faces as they witnessed the scene.

And withal our friend was an unselfish man. There are those who, like the sunglass, catch the rays of fortune and focus their warmth upon a selfish altar beneath. There are others who receive these same rays, and like the prism, send out their beauty upon others. Mr. HAYWARD was of the latter class. He could not shut himself up to narrow, selfish interests. His sympathies were broad. He was public spirited. He gave of himself and of his means to those who made appeal to him. The poor have lost in him a friend; the city one of its most liberal citizens.

For years I have gone in and out of this home where we to-day are gathered because of a friend’s privilege freely accorded. I shall not abuse that privilege by lifting the veil love throws over the place where its chief treasures are gathered. Enough for me to say that a most sweet and gracious presence has abided here and that in many respects this has been an ideal home. A tender husband, an indulgent father, a loyal friend, an enterprising citizen, a clean politician, a true patriot has lived his almost threescore years among us and to-day is not, for God has taken him. Yes, a true patriot. One day when a great crisis was upon our Commonwealth, and Mr. HAYWARD had done his very best to avert from us what seemed to him a pending ruin, walking the floor, as his custom was when deeply wrought upon, he turned to a loved one and said, with tears in his eyes, “I think I know a little of what John Knox felt when he went alone before God and cried, ‘O God, give me Scotland or I die!’ for from my heart I can say, ‘O God, give me Nebraska or I die!’” That is patriotism, not of the kind that flippantly expresses itself on some public occasion, but patriotism incarnated in the citizen. Would to God we had more of it. Democracy would perish without it. It is the salt of a nation, the political light to lighten a people. Out of it heroes are born, and because of it life itself is willingly laid upon the country’s altar.

Some forty years ago or more, while yet in that Eastern home, Mr. HAYWARD professed to receive Jesus Christ as the Son of God and his personal Saviour, and united himself with the church of his early choice. A few months ago, just after election to the Senate of the United States, among the letters of congratulation received was one in which this expression was used, “I hope you love the Lord Jesus Christ.” His private secretary brought the letter to him and said: “How shall I answer this?” Mr. HAYWARD read it, paused a moment, his face grew sober, thoughtful, and he gravely replied, “Tell him I do love the Lord Jesus.” In his last conscious moments, while struggling with pain, a loved one says, “Ask the Lord to help you.” “He is helping me,” and a warm pressure of the hand was the instant reply.

And he is gone. Verily “all flesh is grass and all the goodliness

thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth—surely the people is grass." Why he should be taken just now we may not understand. The nation, in the crisis upon it, needs such men to grapple with the questions of the hour and solve them in a way to satisfy the demands of righteousness. Our Commonwealth, our city, mourn his death and may not be reconciled, while friends weep and refuse to be comforted. Life is lonelier to us all since he has been taken away.

And he is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here; and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And (upon the Father's bosom) leave him—
God accept him; Christ receive him.

"All flesh is grass." We who are here to-day are going the way of all the earth. Soon for us the golden bowl will be broken, our presence will be withdrawn, the mortal will disappear, our very names be forgotten for "the things that are seen are temporal." But somewhere in God's wide universe you and I shall still be living, reaping what we have sown, rewarded according as our deeds have been, for "the things that are not seen are eternal." How shall we spend our earthly lives? To what shall we devote our energies? What record shall we leave behind?

"'Tis not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." Beyond the seen lies the unseen; upon the shores of time break the waves of eternity. Out from the shadowy land hands beckon and point upward, and so thin the veil between the mortal and the immortal that the "whispers of God can be heard by the children of men." Bare and gray would our lives stretch downward to the grave had not God spoken and bidden us look upward and be comforted. Bright and sacred grow these passing moments as faith looks beyond the hills to the land where wrongs are righted, hopes bear fruitage, and growth in all that is noble and passionately longed for here shall know no end.

And so beside the silent sea
We wait the muffled oar.
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

ADDRESS OF MR. FAIRBANKS, OF INDIANA.

MR. PRESIDENT: I rise to pay my brief tribute to the memory of MONROE L. HAYWARD, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Nebraska. My personal acquaintance was not such as to enable me to portray with completeness the interesting and instructive life of one who gave great promise of a successful and useful career in this historic Chamber. Nor is it necessary that I should attempt to do so, for that has been so well and faithfully done by the skillful and master hand of the distinguished Senator from Nebraska.

There was indeed that in the life of Mr. HAYWARD which was ennobling. There was that in his character which was inspiring and elevating, and there was that at the close of his career which was strangely pathetic.

When best prepared to live and best fitted to serve the State, the final summons came. He had wrought his way tediously and persistently up and up until he stood supreme in the confidence of his beloved State. He held the commission of the great State of Nebraska to this, the most exalted Chamber of the nation, but the end came before he took his official oath.

His death was in a very especial sense the nation's loss, for he would have brought here a splendid equipment which was the abundant fruit of large experience and much profound reflection. There is, indeed, in this hour of the nation's history, filled with momentous questions which gravely concern the present and the future, need in high

place for such as he—lofty in intellect, exalted in purpose, conservative and judicial in judgment.

During my brief acquaintance, when I was permitted to enjoy the hospitality of his home, I was greatly impressed with his singular frankness and directness of purpose. His mental processes were not subtle and circuitous, but were as open and palpable as the day—the unfailing manifestation of a generous and upright heart. He looked forward to the time when he should take his seat in the Senate with a becoming sense of the great responsibilities which he was to assume and addressed himself to the consideration of the leading questions which were to engage the attention of the Congress, for he wished to contribute his full share toward their just and wise decision. He wished to discharge creditably and in full measure his civic duties.

He was ranked as a strong partisan, and such he was, for he believed that through his party was to be accomplished the greatest good to the State. He believed always in clean political methods, and would sanction no attempt to prostitute his party to ignoble ends. His party's aims must always be as pure and exalted as his own. He had for his party and himself the same code of morals.

His career was essentially self-wrought. He was not debtor to merely fortuitous circumstance, but to nature, for generous physical and intellectual endowments and for superior moral courage, the courage to do and dare for conscience's sake. He was a philosopher of the optimistic school, and saw before himself perpetually the bow of promise, the assurance of success, if he but pressed on.

His life was spent in the midst of the conflict of the great mass of the common people. It was a strenuous life, a

life which he most welcomed. His fiber was virile, and he answered always to duty, which was his imperious commander.

In young manhood, upon the battlefields of his country, at the bar, and upon the bench he met every demand with unflinching courage and with a perfect sense of the responsibilities which devolved upon him. He was actuated by no sinister motives or unworthy ambitions, but walked the highway of life a candid, sincere man, resolved to leave the world the better for having lived his brief hour.

ADDRESS OF MR. SPOONER, OF WISCONSIN.

MR. PRESIDENT: The tribute which I rise to pay to the memory of Senator HAYWARD is entirely sincere, albeit entirely unstudied. Many years ago, for a moment only, I met him, looked into his face, felt the grasp of his hand and the welcome of his cheery voice. That moment, fleeting though it was, attached me to him, and I looked forward with pleasure since his election to meeting him after the lapse of years as a member of this body.

The Senator from Nebraska [Mr. Thurston] has referred to the uniqueness of this ceremonial in that the Senate pauses in its deliberations to pay tribute to one who, while he was clothed by the action of his State with the right to sit here, was never permitted by the God who rules the world and the fate of men to exercise that right. It is quite proper, however, that the Senate should do this, for he had a right to sit here. He had been invested with that right by the solemn action of his State, and by a long life of probity, of lofty aspirations, of earnest endeavor, and of fidelity to duty in every relation of life he had proven himself worthy to be thus honored by Nebraska.

It is always painful, Mr. President, to stand by an open grave. We forget that "it is as natural to die as it is to be born." It is peculiarly sad that this man, who, doubtless, for many, many years had toiled for the honor of a seat in this body—I mean not in the way of self-seeking, but by

preparation for the discharge of high public duty—should have been stricken at the moment of the fruition of his ambition.

It is sad for us to remember that, although he had a right to come here, he never was permitted to walk to the desk with his colleague and take in our presence the oath of office. He had taken the oath more than once to support the Constitution of the United States. He took, before he reached years of manhood, the oath to support the Constitution of the United States; and he went, pursuant to that oath, Mr. President, under the flag which floats over this Capitol, the flag of our whole country, on many a field of battle to dare death and all that the fate of battle might bring to him, that the Government might live forever and that that flag might forever float over a reunited and harmonious people.

His life is a fine illustration of what lofty inspiration and honest effort may bring to one living under our institutions, willing to work and ambitious to succeed. He had not the aid of adventitious circumstance, Mr. President. He walked along the pathway almost alone. He relied upon his own efforts and upon the good will of the public among whom he toiled, as he commended himself to their confidence and to their affection.

Before he moved to Nebraska he lived for a time in Wisconsin, and I have been told of him and of his life there that he was a man of study, a young man of great sturdiness of character, one who could not be allured from the "straight way," and that he was a man who brought home from the camp and its distractions and temptations the cleanly heart of a Christian soldier. He carried away from my people to

his home in Nebraska their confidence and their respect, and he left behind him in Wisconsin a fragrant memory.

I had occasion once in my professional life to review a brief which he had made in an important cause—the only opportunity which ever came to me to judge of his capacity as a lawyer—and it impressed me much as the argument of an able, thoughtful, strong man, who met in a manly and direct way every contention of his opponents, and I remember that running through it all in a marked degree was that “saving common sense,” of greater value always than what the world is accustomed to consider and to call “genius.”

We may not know, of course, the dreams which he dreamed of service and triumphs in this body. His ambition to come here was an honorable ambition, and from all there was in the man's life, as testified by the Senator from Nebraska, and as testified by the action of the State which conferred upon him this great honor, we may well know that he looked upon a seat in this body not so much as in itself an honor, but as a conspicuous opportunity to serve in a great forum, by honest and faithful effort, the people, that thereby—and there is no other reward which comes to an honest man in public life—he might, by intelligent service to the public, attention to duty and the courageous discharge of it, add to his reputation, broaden it, and win that fame which an appreciative constituency is always willing and always glad to give to those who serve them faithfully in high places.

Mr. President, he made it very plain by his life that in his death his State sustained a great loss, that in his death the Senate sustained a great loss, and that had he been per-

mitted, in the providence of God, to come among us, his comradeship would have been delightful and his contribution to the labor, the responsibility, and the learning of this body would have been of great value.

The Senate does well, although unfamiliar with his face and although his voice never was heard in this Chamber, to place upon its permanent records this tribute to his memory. He has paid his debt to nature. We here pay ungrudgingly our tribute to him and to his manly character.

ADDRESS OF MR. ALLEN, OF NEBRASKA.

MR. PRESIDENT: It is proper under the circumstances that I should say a few words before the resolutions shall be put upon their passage and the ceremony closing Congressional notice of the deceased is concluded.

MONROE LELAND HAYWARD was born in Willisboro, Essex County, N. Y., December 22, 1840. In 1861 he enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Volunteer Infantry, but was soon transferred to the Fifth New York Cavalry, and was discharged in 1862 "on account of disabilities brought on by sickness."

He was educated at Fort Edward Institute, graduating in 1866, and read law in that place and in Whitewater, Wis., and in 1867 settled in Nebraska City, Nebr., where he died December 5, 1899, in the presence of his wife and children, his faithful physician, and other devoted personal friends.

June 14, 1870, he was married to Miss Jennie A. Pelton, an estimable lady of Cold Spring, N. Y., and at the date of his death left surviving him his wife, two sons, Dr. Edward P. Hayward and Col. William H. Hayward, and a daughter, Miss Mattie A. Hayward, one of Nebraska's fairest and best young women.

His funeral was largely attended by his neighbors and the prominent men of the State. I was prevented from being present, because I was then engaged in holding a term of court in a distant part of the State, which could not be adjourned. My acquaintance with the dead jurist

and statesman was not intimate. He resided fully 150 miles from the place of my residence; and having no business relations with him, and not being his party affiliant, there was nothing but the soldierly tie of comradeship to bring us together. But I frequently conversed with him, and on several occasions listened to him deliver public addresses, and I am sufficiently informed of his personal worth and ability to enable me to speak of him in the highest terms of praise.

Mr. President, I judge men rapidly and, I think, with some degree of accuracy, and I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment Judge HAYWARD was in all respects a good man. He was a devoted husband and loving father, and he reared a family of whom any man might well be proud. He sought the means of promoting the happiness of his wife and children, and accumulated wealth that they might not know want in the event of his death, or of his becoming incapacitated in later life to pursue a gainful occupation.

He was a good lawyer and a just judge, and had the esteem and confidence of the bar and public to the hour of his death. Being positive in his nature, he had enemies, but they were few and unable to do him lasting injury. He was a partisan in politics, and believed he was promoting the welfare of his country by obeying the commands of his party.

He was God-fearing, and recognized the accountability of all mankind to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. He believed in the essential doctrines of the Christian religion, and sought to lighten the burdens and cheer the drooping spirits of his fellow-men. A distinguished citizen and near

neighbor of Judge HAYWARD, who knew him well, wrote me that his strongest characteristic was "his absolute honesty in his home life, in business affairs, and in politics." A greater tribute could not be paid to any man.

Mr. HAYWARD was free from narrowness and envy and cant. He was not a hypocrite or a pretender. He did not permit himself to become jealous of the promotion or good fortune of others, which was in marked contrast with some of his political associates.

The deceased jurist was often honored with high and responsible positions. He was many times made chairman of the Republican State convention, and in 1886 was appointed judge of the district court of the district in which he resided. He was a member of the constitutional convention which framed the present constitution of Nebraska, and in the various positions he was called to fill he displayed marked ability and aptitude for the duties which devolved upon him.

In his death his family have suffered an irreparable loss, the State has lost a worthy and public-spirited citizen, and the city in which he lived a man of real worth and great merit. Mr. HAYWARD trod life's thorny path with firm step and head erect, and "with malice toward none and charity for all" did his duty as God gave him the vision to see it. He heeded the promptings of his better nature and scattered smiles and sunshine among those with whom his lot was cast. He left the world better than he found it, and by his ability and honesty of purpose added much to its growth and happiness.

The sympathy of this man was genuine, and his almsgiving was just and generous; and many an unfortunate

fellow-traveler was helped over the rough places of life by his timely aid. The death of Judge HAYWARD is sincerely mourned by all Nebraskans, and by none more deeply than myself. He had just been elected to a seat in this Chamber and, with his friends, doubtless looked forward to the time when he would be able to leave a permanent record of his opinions on public questions in this great Forum; but God, in His infinite wisdom, called him to eternal repose, and he now peacefully sleeps in the soil of the State he loved so well.

While I do not agree that Death is the king of terrors, when it comes in the natural order of events and according to the course of nature, it is always sad, and doubly so when one's life has not reached the allotted three-score and ten, and his work is unfinished. But, Mr. President—

Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier;
And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnect,
The story, flower-like, closes thus its leaves.
The will of God is all in all. He makes,
Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure all.

Judge HAYWARD had lofty hopes and aspirations. They were commendable in him, for they were pure and calculated to benefit others and were intended to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-men. When he was confined to his bed by his last illness, and heroically struggling for life, I watched the daily report from his home, hoping and praying that his disease would take a change for the better and that he would be restored to his family and country and permitted to serve the term in the Senate to which he had been elected with honor to his State and credit to himself.

But it was otherwise written in the Book of Fate, and he has been called to the mysterious land where the millions of earth's inhabitants out of the centuries that have passed and gone have been called, and to which all of us are rapidly hastening.

Mr. President, it would serve no useful purpose for me to discuss at length the virtues and excellent qualities of head and heart of this distinguished citizen of my State. His memory is fresh in the minds of the people of Nebraska. His purity of life, his brilliancy of intellect, and the depths of his splendid nature are too well known to require any encomium at my hands.

It was Job, I think, who, when after the great affliction and in old age, approaching dissolution, exclaimed, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And from that hour to this the nameless millions that have inhabited the earth have in succession asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

To me it seems that we need but look at the course of the seasons, the beauty, system, and order of nature, the perfect harmony everywhere prevailing, and remember that the desire of man for immortality is universal in all races, in all climes, and under all conditions, to lead us to the conviction that death is but a door opening from the grave to eternal life. And so when we look upon the cold and pulseless forms of those we knew and loved in life, it is with the assurances that their dear features, beautified and made better by the change we call death, will again be beheld by us in a better land, in which sickness and death are unknown.

Channing said that "immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity;" and so, "after life's fitful fever" is

ended and the struggle of this world is closed, man passes through the gateway of death into an endless and blissful immortality.

Mr. President, what is life but a series of hopes and aspirations and half-rewarded struggles, created and shaped by circumstances over which we exercise no control? We struggle often in vain to mount the heights of knowledge and ambition, but to fall at last, having accomplished nothing. The law of constant struggle and of constant change is written everywhere and on everything. Our children are born and, like half-open flowers, wither and decay; and those who have trodden well life's pathway with us for a time fall into an endless sleep, and we struggle alone to the end.

Is all this struggle and sacrifice to be rewarded by oblivion? No. Man does live after death, and lives eternally. And so to-day, as we are engaged in this solemn ceremony which is to close the history of an earthly career, and as we pay deserved tribute to the life and character of one who was lately of our number, we may do so with the full assurance that—

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

DECEMBER 19, 1899.

Mr. MERCER. Mr. Speaker, I desire to lay before the House the following resolutions passed by the Senate.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, lately elected Senator from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. MERCER. Mr. Speaker, later in the session the delegation from Nebraska in this House will ask that time be set apart for the purpose of paying fitting tribute to the memory of the lately elected Senator HAYWARD. For present purposes I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, lately elected a Senator from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 6 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MARCH 13, 1900.

Mr. BURKETT. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that next Saturday after 1 o'clock be set apart for eulogies upon the late Senator-elect HAYWARD, of Nebraska.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Nebraska asks unanimous consent of the House that next Saturday, after the hour of 1 o'clock, be set apart for eulogies on the life, death, and character of the late Senator-elect HAYWARD. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MARCH 17, 1900.

The SPEAKER. The hour of 1 o'clock was set apart for eulogies on the late Senator HAYWARD; and as there is nothing more pending before the House, without objection, the exercises will be taken up at this time.

There was no objection.

Mr. BURKETT. Mr. Speaker, I desire to offer the following resolutions, and ask that they be adopted.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That it is with profound sorrow and regret that the House has heard of the death of Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, late Senator-elect from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the business of the House be suspended to enable his friends to pay proper tribute of regard to his high character and distinguished worth.

Resolved, That the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased with the action of the House thereon.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect, the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. BURKETT. Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Robinson, is not able to be present to-day, and I ask unanimous consent that permission be given to him, and to such other gentlemen as would like to avail themselves of the privilege, to print their remarks in the Record.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Nebraska asks unanimous consent to permit members to print remarks on the pending order. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

ADDRESS OF MR. BURKETT, OF NEBRASKA.

MR. SPEAKER: In beginning my remarks I desire to read a little from the Congressional Directory of the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress:

MONROE LELAND HAYWARD, Republican, of Nebraska City, was born in Willsboro, Essex County, N. Y., December 22, 1840; enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Infantry at the beginning of the civil war, and was afterwards transferred to the Fifth New York Cavalry; discharged in December, 1862, owing to disability arising from sickness; on returning home entered Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, where he completed his education; in the meantime his father had removed to Wisconsin, and he followed; studied law at Whitewater, Wis., and removed to Nebraska in 1867, settling at Nebraska City, where he has resided ever since and practiced his profession; was a member of the State constitutional convention in 1873; filled out a term on the district bench by appointment of the governor in 1886; was the Republican candidate for governor in the fall of 1898, and was defeated by 3,000 votes; was elected United States Senator, to succeed William Vincent Allen, March 8, 1899.

His term of service will expire March 3, 1905.

That is briefly the life of our late beloved Senator from Nebraska as the compiler wrote it.

But that was written while the Senator was yet alive and among us. Now it does not satisfy us. We would know more of him. We would go into detail, follow his life more closely, and from it draw inspiration and hope.

When that was written we did not need more, we did not want more, for he was himself to all who knew him—the revelation of his own life and character, most reliable and instructive and impressive.

His life, like a book, could not be published until the last chapter was written, for it was growing better and

broader and more beautiful all the while. But he has gone from among us. The deeds of his life are now history, and what may be said of him will need no revision for subsequent data.

We have set apart this day for eulogy upon his life and character, and when those who wish shall have spoken we shall adjourn this House out of respect to his memory.

The biography which I have just read is but a paragraph. It covers but a small part of one page of the book. All men's history can be told in about equal time while they live. The little and the great alike need but small space and little of printer's ink to satisfy their fellow-men.

But how different after death. So long as a man lives we are content with a modicum of information about him, comparatively speaking. We like to know whence he sprung, his source, and in some instances his resources, what he is capable of doing, what he has accomplished, and what he is now. From a laboring man applying for employment to a Presidential candidate the category varies but little. Hence his birthplace, his acquired titles, and his politics are about all the Clerk has put in the Congressional Directory.

But that is not sufficient now. It does not satisfy us. There is a longing to know more of him. We want to know not merely where he was born and when, but what made him Senator. Ah! more yet than that. We not only would know what made him Senator HAYWARD, but what made him the great-hearted, noble-minded, and beloved "Judge Hayward," as we knew him so long.

These latter traits made him Senator. The office added nothing to his "parts," nor, indeed, to the affection of his

constituents. The office was but the expression of that affection.

Those of us who knew Senator HAYWARD (and I regret that you did not all know him well) realize that no biography, of whatever dimensions, will ever do justice to his character and ability, and that no eulogy will compute the good that he has accomplished.

The choicest things in a great man's life can never be written. They assume forms for which the human language has no words delicate enough to describe.

There is a power of presence indescribable in a truly great man, and while understood and appreciated it can not be told. There are no words for it.

By this power of presence or personality in a man, indescribable, and its influence for good, I speak of the influence which Lowell meant when he said:

The very room, coz she was in, seemed warm from floor to ceiling.

I speak of the power of the presence alone of Napoleon, which the Duke of Wellington said "equaled forty thousand men." I speak of the presence of a godly man, though he say not a word. I speak of the air surrounding a great man, the potent force, the "still small voice" of living and doing and walking and acting that can not be told.

Nevertheless it is there and, like the subtle aroma of the rose, permeates the entire community in which he is, and all men and things are better and sweeter because he lives.

Most books are read by scanning the title page, perhaps, then glancing at the introduction, and, possibly, casually looking over the index. There are few books that stand this test sufficiently to warrant further consideration.

Bacon says:

Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested.

And as with books so with men. Not all will sustain extended biographies. The deeds of life have not merited it, nor will the resulting benefits to the world warrant it.

If biography is ever beneficial and worthy of reading, if the deeds and motives are ever worthy of example, we may well give ear to the life and acts and motives of our late Senator.

Extend his biography, and you have the history of Nebraska. Extol his virtues, and you have noble example. Recite his deeds, and you get inspiration. The world is better because he lived. He did something for his State, his country, and humanity.

He came to Nebraska the year that the State came into the Union of States. As Nebraska assumed the responsibilities of statehood he donned the toga of a Nebraska citizen. Nebraska was a young State, and he was a young man. Nebraska grew, and he developed with her. He endured the cares and vicissitudes of the new country and waxed strong in their midst. He and the State grew together.

Senator HAYWARD was never for a moment a blank in Nebraska affairs. The State needed his counsel and his indomitable energy every moment. He was not an "office-holder," nor, indeed, an "office seeker;" but the story of the State could not be written with him left out. He framed her constitution as a member of the convention. He counseled in her legislation. He interpreted her laws as judge. He broke her boundless prairies and turned them

into a cornfield unsurpassed in the world; he developed her industries; he brought to every question and condition thrift, energy, integrity, perseverance, and industry.

With these qualities he mastered the problems that confronted the new State, and instead of chaos and uncertainty set up law and order. And with these instruments of peace and tranquillity he brought to her fame and respect abroad; security and confidence at home.

He was always a conspicuous figure in Nebraska. From the time of his arrival in the State he was associated with and in competition with the strongest men intellectually. He settled in Nebraska City, where have lived many of the strongest men, not only in our State, but in the nation.

He had for his contemporaries at home such men as O. P. Mason, late chief justice of our supreme court and a man of giant intellect; Senator Tipton, who but recently died in this city, acknowledged to be one of the strongest men who ever sat in the American Senate, and Senator Van Wyck, who doubtless many here now will remember. Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of whom all Nebraskans are proud as the Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, also lives in the same city, and has been his neighbor and contemporary for more than a quarter of a century.

Mr. Morton and Mr. HAYWARD did not always agree in politics. Against each other there was waged the bitterest warfare politically. Each, the leader of his own party, of course received full front the onslaughts of the other. Each had been the candidate of his party for the highest gift within the elective power of the people of the State; but, to the glory of both, in 1898, when Judge HAYWARD was the candidate for governor, Mr. Morton threw aside all

political prejudices, sunk old animosities beneath his great love of home and State and the vital principles for which Mr. HAYWARD stood, and, leaving behind him political traditions, supported Mr. HAYWARD.

It is pleasant to recall that these two great leaders, for a quarter of a century, of opposing forces, always personal friends, should stand shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, and, from the same platform, battle for the same principles and truths and candidates in the last political conflict that Senator HAYWARD should be permitted to enter.

Senator HAYWARD was not well known in Washington, at least in Senatorial circles. We regret that it is so. We are proud of him in Nebraska, and every man in the Senate would have been proud of him as a colleague. But he never occupied a chair as Senator. The silent reaper, Death, cut him off from the world before he was permitted to enter this Capitol as a Senator. He was not permitted to adorn yonder splendid Chamber. His voice had no opportunity to give utterance to his wisdom nor to express his kindness of heart.

As a Senator he is not judged, either here or at home, and as a Senator we shall not speak of him. For, exalted as that position is, it did not make him great. He was exalted in public opinion before he became Senator. He was a strong man and beloved without the title. The position was but a golden remembrance from his loving fellow-citizens.

He stood high as a lawyer and as a judge. He ranked well as a business man. He was quick of perception, keen in discerning, and of good judgment. His counsel was sought in all affairs as worthy of consideration.

He was a student. His life was one of work. His was an active disposition. No stuffed countenance of feigned learning was his; no assumed "parts;" no arrogated greatness to which he was a stranger. But what he appeared to be he was, and what he was was apparent—a strong-minded, cultured, unassuming man.

He was not a wit. He was not a "brilliant" man as commonly expressed, resplendent in the effulgence of natural abilities alone. That was not the impression he made. His was the trained mind. His was wisdom wrought out with sledge-hammer blows in imperishable steel. His years of careful research and experience had developed a giant intellect. His contact with the world had molded and shaped that intellect into an instrument of power and beauty. His mind was a gem of matchless worth; yet it was dressed and polished only as a pebble washed down the dancing, chattering brook, by constant collision with the débris by the wayside.

A strong mind, a firmness of purpose, a quickness of resolution, a never-ending devotion to what he laid his hands to, made his attacks irresistible and his defense impregnable.

With these qualities he wrought for the world and humanity, and for this he is loved. It is always by what men accomplish that they are measured; for what they do that they are loved or despised. Men are not measured by what they are capable of doing, but rather by what they do.

I once heard a preacher say "There are many untaught Jenny Linds on Nebraska prairies." But he uttered only half a truth, and he could not prove that half a truth sufficiently to give the world credence in his statement. And

the "just as good" theory neither detracts a whit from her glory nor even dims the luster of the splendor of the matchless warbler of "Home, Sweet Home."

Intentions and possibilities are excuses. Doing and accomplishing defend themselves. The heroes of all ages and all people have been those who have done something for their fellow-men, and by it have won their admiration; men whose energy shirked no responsibility imposed by instinct, and whose instinct was fraternal.

This doing for our fellows may not always consist in saving a nation, nor of leading successful armies. It may not be accomplished in the halls of Congress nor from the pulpit. It may be little or great, but in the measure of it is man loved.

Senator HAYWARD'S life is a rebuke to those men who seem to think that thrift and frugality, or rather the fruit of thrift and frugality, are a stamp that distinguishes an enemy of human kind. He was a successful man in business. While the Eastern press, in many instances, has largely overestimated his fortune, nevertheless he was, for the Middle West, considered a well-to-do man.

But no one ever impugned his motives on that account. He came honestly by what he had. It was the fruit of his toilsome effort.

The good that such men do is immeasurable when compared with the utterances of those whose only aim in life is to array unfortunate humanity and worthless humanity against the imaginary bugbear of capital. Capital is the fruit of head and hand. Motive is of the heart and makes neither rich nor poor, but in both alike is good or bad.

These manipulators of popular passion depreciate every

quality of energetic, conservative, industrious living. Such men in few instances do much of good for their locality or mankind in general. They are sterile and create nothing. They are simply circumstances. They just stand around.

I like more the man who "inspires the heart;" "incites to better deeds;" and whose counsel and sayings lift humanity up out of the quagmire of gnarling.

It is not difficult to be a "kicker." It is not hard to be a lawyer "able to sit on the court-house steps and criticise the Supreme Court decisions." It is easy to tell how to better things. It is easier to condemn than to bless. It is easy to tell what ought to be done for the State, but it takes effort to do something for the State.

As I have said before, Senator HAYWARD wrought for the State. He was a successful man and a true man.

The qualities of a true man are many, but Senator HAYWARD had them. He had energy, and that was necessary, for the sluggard impoverishes himself, foregoes the assistance of his neighbors, and merits the disrespect of all men.

He had method, and without it energy results in much lost motion. He gave to everything application and faithfulness, and it was because of these qualities of a true man that he was successful; for, to use someone else's words—

The great highroad of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful.

He was attentive, punctual, and industrious, and "success is more often on the side of the industrious." He was honest in business and honest in the social world. These are the qualities of a true man. He possessed them, and his success was an index that he did possess them, and not the brand of tyranny and oppression.

He was a veteran of the civil war. His comrades loved him. They had pinned their faith to him. They believed in him. They depended upon him for assistance and looked forward with fondest hopes to the time when he should come on to Washington to assume the more active duties of his office. For they believed that he would solve some of the difficulties that stand between them and the Government's generosity in their declining years.

He knew that "the pension roll was a roll of honor." He knew the heartaches and the suffering and the trials that it took to entitle one to a place thereon.

He is dead. Our people mourn because of his death. Our State has lost a splendid citizen and an important factor. The nation is deprived of a valuable counselor; but humanity has left his noble example as an inspiration and hope for coming generations.

ADDRESS OF MR. MERCER, OF NEBRASKA.

MR. SPEAKER—

As, long ago, that home-returning band
 Of Greeks, victorious o'er outnumbering foes,
 The last hard mountain won, saw sweet repose
 And safety on the distant ocean strand,
 So he at last attained what he had planned,
 Triumphant over hate and envy rose,
 And saw admittance to the seats of those
 Most honored of our nation, in his hand.
 But rest and ease were not for him to ask;
 He would be building still with them that build;
 He sought the cross, now that he had the crown.
 And as he dressed him to his lofty task,
 With manhood's aspiration unfulfilled,
 Death stretched a grisly hand and struck him down.

"United States Senator-elect MONROE LELAND HAYWARD died at Nebraska City on the morning of Tuesday, December 5, 1899, aged 59 years. He was born at Willsboro, Essex County, N. Y., December 22, 1840."

Senator HAYWARD'S youth was spent on a farm. He received a common school education, and was also permitted to attend seminaries of learning and select schools at intervals. He made the best possible use of all his advantages.

Early in 1861 he enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Volunteer Infantry. In October of that year, however, he became a member of the Fifth New York Cavalry. With that he served in the Shenandoah Valley during the summer of 1862. He did special courier service for General Banks during that year and also participated in each of the battles of the Banks-Jackson campaign.

In the autumn of 1862 his health was completely broken down. Therefore he was discharged from the Army and returned to civil life. Then he commenced the struggle for completing his education and also entered upon the study of law. By teaching district schools and by manual labor he subsisted himself and became a student at Fort Edward Institute, remaining until he graduated with honor. He worked his way through college by teaching mathematics, by bookkeeping, and by strenuous efforts, manual and mental. Self-reliance and self-denial made him sturdy and efficient.

Directly after graduating he began, at Fort Edward, N. Y., in the office of Judge Wait, to read law. He subsequently completed his legal studies at Whitewater, Wis., and was admitted to the bar in 1867. Then he located permanently at Nebraska City.

Senator HAYWARD, from the beginning to the end of his useful life, carried determination and persistent industry into all his enterprises and undertakings. Every task which confronted him was tackled with a persistent pluck that could result only in achievement.

The citizens of Nebraska City, Otoe County, and the State have honored him by assigning him to various positions of trust and responsibility. He was a member of the board of education for this city. He was a delegate in the constitutional convention of 1875. He was many times chairman of the Republican State convention.

In private and domestic life he was a model of fidelity, industry, and temperance. His love of home and family (which is primary patriotism) was only equaled by his love of his country and its institutions.

In 1898 he was chosen by the Republican party of the State as its candidate for the position of governor. He made a strong and very effective canvass, speaking in nearly every organized county of the Commonwealth. The labors then performed did much to undermine his robust and powerful physique.

Being defeated by Governor Poynter, he at once became, by pressure of his friends and admirers, the candidate of the Republican party for a place in the United States Senate, and was, after many ballots, finally chosen to that honorable position by the legislature of Nebraska in March, 1899.

It seems cruel that just as a man has entered upon a field of usefulness and eminence toward which his ambition and efforts have long been directed he should be stricken down and all the hopes of his friends shattered. His death, deplored by family, friends, and neighbors as a personal sorrow and irreparable loss, is a State and national calamity.

His steady fidelity to those principles of finance which alone can give an unfluctuating purchasing power to American currency would have made him a prominent and efficient member of the Senate.

But "Death opens the gate of Fame and shuts the gate of Envy after it."

These words appeared in the *Conservative*, a paper published in Nebraska City, the home of Senator HAYWARD, and were written by the editor, Hon. J. Sterling Morton, formerly Secretary of Agriculture.

I think it fitting that what I have to say be introduced by the words just read, because they come from a friend and

neighbor of many years and from a man who was thoroughly acquainted with the late Senator HAYWARD in all his walks in life. Senator HAYWARD and myself moved to Nebraska in 1867, he locating at Nebraska City, in Otoe County, while I followed my parents to Brownville, about 23 miles south. While a boy in my teens I met Senator HAYWARD in his office in Nebraska City, and from that time until the day of his death my acquaintance with him was close and my friendship for him of the strongest kind.

As a private citizen Mr. HAYWARD always took an interest in the affairs of the community in which he resided. He was public-spirited and always ambitious that the city of Nebraska City should rival all other towns in the State in point of importance both as to population and industries. He always took an interest in any new enterprises which were suggested for the benefit of the city, and contributed often in a financial way to the upbuilding and growth of different institutions. He came to our State as a Republican in politics, but never took an active part except to further the interests of his friends and associates. His Republicanism was of the stalwart brand, and whether as a delegate to a convention or as presiding officer of it he did all he could to uphold that kind of Republicanism. Aside from serving his constituency in the State constitutional convention and acting for a time as district judge, to which he was appointed as successor of Judge Mitchell, a neighbor and friend, till the Republican party in our State nominated him for the office of governor in the year 1898, he never was a candidate for office. He rather seemed to shrink from the trials and tribulations following in the wake of office-seeking and office-holding, and was content to be an

humble member of the party and contribute his share toward its success.

The Republican press of our State in the year 1898 advocated him as a suitable man to be made the member of Congress from the First district in our State, and in the alternative that he stand as a candidate for governor. He resisted this pressure for some time, till finally it became so great that he was compelled to surrender to it, and then it was he gave up the idea of standing for Congress, and announced to his friends he would accept the nomination for governor if tendered him. The Republican press of Nebraska and the Republicans generally had made his canvass for the nomination so complete that when the convention met he was nominated by acclamation and by unanimous vote of all delegates present.

The campaign which followed was a memorable one, and the fact that the legislature which was elected at this time was Republican and that the opposition majority on governor was reduced to the small figure of about 3,000 is due more to the magnificent campaign made by Senator HAYWARD than by the efforts of anyone else in our State. He traveled from one end of our Commonwealth to the other, visited almost every county, addressed hundreds of meetings, and conducted himself in such a gentlemanly and dignified manner as to command the respect of people of all parties, and could that campaign have lasted another thirty days I have no doubt but that the success he was making when election day came would have resulted, so far as himself was concerned, differently, and that he would have been declared governor of our State by a majority of the voters thereof. He overtaxed his strength in this campaign, and his death is undoubtedly due to the overexertions thereof.

When our legislature convened, being Republican in both branches, attention of the members, especially the Republican members, was called to the magnificent campaign just waged by Senator HAYWARD, and the legislature was asked by the Republicans throughout the State and by the Republican press to select him as Senator in the United States Senate. The legislators took up this recommendation, coming as it did unsolicited from Senator HAYWARD, and after a struggle of many days he was finally elected the Senator from our State. But the contest both in the campaign for governor and in the struggle for the Senatorship, weakened his physique to such an extent that death claimed him before he could take the oath of office. He died, as he lived, among his friends and neighbors at Nebraska City, at the home he loved so well, surrounded by his family and intimate friends. His death not only removed from our State a statesman and an estimable citizen, but it deprived the Republican party of the influence and strength of a Senator in the Senate of the United States.

Although he had been elected for several months, the election came after the Fifty-fifth Congress had adjourned and too late for him to file his credentials in the Senate in open session and receive the oath of office. In the meantime his illness weakened him so rapidly that he was carried away a few hours after the Fifty-sixth Congress convened in session and too late for him to take the oath of office in that Congress. In this respect his case is almost without precedent; in fact, I do not recall any precedent of this character. In this connection I am reminded that since Nebraska was admitted into the Union our

people have elected ten different citizens to the United States Senate and only four of them are living to-day; and remarkable as it may seem, three of the men died in the year 1899.

I might add that during the same year a member of Congress elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress also died before he could serve his constituents in the active work of his office. In reviewing the record in this respect I notice that since Nebraska was admitted into the Union 27 men have been elected Representatives in Congress, 7 of whom have passed away. Of the 27 elected, one of them, the late T. M. Marquette, of Lincoln, served as Representative in Congress only two days. The brevity of his term was due to the fact that Nebraska had just been admitted into the Union, and only two days of the Congress to which he was elected remained after the State was admitted. Representatives Laird, Welch, and Greene all died while serving a term in Congress.

Senator HAYWARD had many strong points in his character, which always appealed to the masses when made known to them. He was an unassuming gentleman. He did not belong to the skyrocket class. He was not meteoric at any time. He was a good lawyer, full of the knowledge of his profession, and at the same time full of hard common sense. He thoroughly investigated subjects and situations before committing himself, and then after he took a stand he did not change his views. He never played to the galleries. He was not in the habit of going on dress parade, politically speaking, in order to catch the plaudits of the crowd. His judgment was sound and his opinions were always reliable. His advice was a criterion

by which most anyone could guide his steps either in the practice of law or in the duties of citizenship. He detested hypocrisy in every form. Perhaps one of the strongest points about Senator HAYWARD was his love of family and home. He was an ideal husband and father, and this fact impressed itself upon his friends and neighbors wherever his presence went and wherever his influence was felt.

He had a happy family, a contented family. Senator HAYWARD, by his industry and economy, had accumulated a goodly share of this world's goods, and he always delighted in placing it at the disposal of his wife and children. In this respect he teaches us a lesson, which is indeed a most valuable one, that love of family and home is really the cornerstone of our best civilization. It is always a check upon the bad influences of life, and at the same time it makes the foundation of one's upbuilding so strong and secure that the man who was as strong in it as Senator HAYWARD need have no fear of the average dangers which beset mankind in this changing life of ours. Senator HAYWARD served his country in time of war, and perhaps there learned many lessons which proved of value to him in after years. In war he was the same plain, unassuming man that he was in peace, but he was just as good a soldier as he was a citizen and lawyer.

During the campaign of 1898 in our State the old soldiers flocked to his standard irrespective of party, and some of the most interesting scenes I observed during that campaign grew out of the renewal of friendships between HAYWARD and some of the boys in blue who had followed him side by side in many a hotly contested field. It seems they knew him well in those trying times, had seen his

courage and his manhood tested in all kinds of fires, and were glad of the chance which had finally come to them to place upon his head the distinguished crown of governorship or Senatorship. The old soldiers in Nebraska, irrespective of party, voted for him, and I think to this fact is due in the main the splendid result he obtained on election day.

Senator HAYWARD has passed away, but the lessons learned from his life by the people of our State will live forever. We hope to profit by the good example he set for us, and in the days to come we will ever remember his precepts and his teachings as well as the manner in which he exemplified them.

Mr. Speaker, I think it but proper and fitting that I conclude these remarks by adding to them the resolutions passed by the Bar Association of Otoe County, Nebr. For over thirty years Mr. HAYWARD, as a practitioner, and Judge HAYWARD, as a judge, either practiced law or dispensed it, and these resolutions show the respect and confidence in which he was held by the members of that bar.

The resolutions are as follows:

Judge Paul Jessen, chairman of the committee, read the resolutions prepared by the committee.

MONROE LELAND HAYWARD.

Whereas it has seemed meet to an overruling Providence to remove from our midst, and from his scenes of usefulness, our brother, Hon. MONROE L. HAYWARD, cut down in the prime and vigor of life and at the beginning of an extended career of honor, usefulness, and fame:

Resolved, That it is fitting that his brethren of the bar of Otoe County unite in the expression of our profound sorrow at what is a calamity to our city, an irreparable loss to our citizens, and a personal loss to those who have been associated with him daily in the practice of our chosen profession for a long series of years, and that we make a matter of record in the forum where many of his successes were achieved, a tribute of his brethren

to his long and useful service as a lawyer, a legislator, and a judge; his great powers, his honest record in public and private affairs, his loyalty to his friends and to his nobility of character, all which go to make his name and fame the heritage of our community, and have endeared him to the people of the State and to his brethren of the bar.

Resolved, That in his life and record we recognize in our deceased brother great power as a close analytical reasoner, both upon the principles of law as well as in the domain of fact, before the juries of the country. Without claiming to be possessed of great eloquence, as that term is usually understood, he was easily the strongest member of the bar of the county, if not in the State, in his discussion of facts, in his presentation of the salient points of his case, and in the skill with which he carried conviction to the minds of those whom he was trying to convince, and his successes in that forum attest his preeminent ability. In the discussion of legal propositions he was clear, logical, and convincing, displaying great acumen and analysis and a happy faculty in the application of legal principles to the facts as they developed.

He was a man of great force of character, great kindness of heart, in that he was always willing to assist the distressed with his purse or advice, and he was of unquestioned integrity.

As the judge of this court he displayed the essential qualities of strict impartiality, fearlessness in his decisions, being always guided by what he believed to be right, and solicitous only that impartial justice be done between the contending parties. His insight into the merits of cases was intuitive, and he rarely erred in arriving at a just decision in any cause submitted to his judgment. He knew the law, and exposition of it adorned his opinion, unobscured by those special and personal influences which always surround a subject in controversy.

He lived among us for years, and left upon the records the imprint of his strong individuality. He was a safe and conscientious counselor, faithful to his clients and zealous in defense of their rights, and no man among us had in a larger degree the confidence and respect of the whole community.

His gifts were varied and many. He successfully conducted great financial enterprises, and he understood and was versed in the laws governing trade and commerce and the true principles underlying our financial system. He never sacrificed his honest convictions in the hope of selfish gain nor agreed with the mistakes of the majority, but strenuously combated their fallacies and errors.

He was an open, honest, indefatigable opponent and a true and loyal friend. He knew his foes and they also knew him. His integrity was never doubted; he was above the suspicion of corruption; he neither bought nor sold, and he has left to his family the legacy of a good name and untarnished reputation.

The success he achieved in the political field was great, but his methods

were clean and honest, and no suspicion of bribery or wrongdoing clouded the ultimate success, and the great pity is that, standing upon the threshold of a new and more influential career, he should be stricken down before he had the opportunity of demonstrating his capabilities and force in the new field. To have achieved the goal of his ambition and then to have the cup snatched from his lips as he was about to quaff the wine of success is a forceful and sad reminder of the fleeting character of earthly honors and of the emptiness of human ambition.

Resolved, That we condole with his family in their great loss as we grieve for our own personal and professional loss in his untimely decease, and that we report these resolutions to the court from a desire to testify to our affection and make a record of our appreciation of his eminent qualities of head and heart that distinguished our departed brother, and request that they be spread at length upon the records of this court and made a part thereof.

It is further ordered that a certified copy of these resolutions, under the seal of the court, be furnished the family of the deceased.

PAUL, JESSEN.
E. F. WARREN.
W. C. SLOAN.
JOHN A. ROONEY.
D. T. HAYDEN.

ADDRESS OF MR. HULL, OF IOWA.

MR. SPEAKER: It was not my good pleasure to enjoy an extended personal acquaintance with the late Senator from Nebraska. Living in an adjoining State, I knew of him and his work, and was therefore greatly pleased last year during the summer to have the privilege of spending some four or five days with him and becoming in a limited degree acquainted with the man and his characteristics. From that brief acquaintance I feel persuaded that the country at large has lost a valuable counselor in the higher branch of the National Congress.

I met him in Montana, traveled on the same car with him through the Dakotas, and spent a few days with him in one of the Dakota towns. He impressed me as a man of strong, splendid physical characteristics, possessed of a mind to correspond with his body. As one of his colleagues has said, he was not a man of great brilliancy of mind, but a man rather of splendid judgment, of untiring energy, and of unswerving honesty. And from what acquaintance I had with him at that time, I looked forward in anticipation that in the broader field opening before him he would add to the already splendid reputation he had attained in his State as an upright citizen, as a safe counselor, as an incorruptible judge, and as a man upon whose judgment all of his acquaintances and friends could rely.

It was to me a matter of personal sorrow that I could not meet him here in Washington, and that he could not enter upon the career to which the people of Nebraska had called him.

I can not add anything to what has been said. I can only say that in my judgment the nation at large has lost one of its most useful citizens, that the members of his family have lost a devoted husband and father, and the State of Nebraska a citizen who has done so much for the State in the past and whose record will be entwined with the best years of his State up to the time when death claimed him and he lay down to an eternal rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. STARK, OF NEBRASKA.

MR. SPEAKER: I would briefly, though earnestly, render tribute to the life, the works, and the worth of MONROE L. HAYWARD, late a Senator from Nebraska.

Favored by only a slight acquaintance with him for several years, yet I came to know the measure of the man, his intents and purposes. His was the life of a true American; his ambition and aspirations, his hopes and desires were of and for his home and his country. The persistent pursuit of purpose, the fidelity to friends, faith, and party, together with the strict integrity of his manhood's years, bespoke the fact that in childhood and youth he had had the sweet, the tender, and the watchful care of a good mother.

In that little hamlet in New York State this boy and youth had a brave, safe, wise counselor and guide. Who among us can make proper estimate of the great value of the impressions made by the mother on the son, or of their far-reaching influences upon his after life? The filial lessons learned about the family hearth are never forgotten, and the maternal impressions left upon the plastic mind can never be wholly effaced.

What a world for good does not the glorious motherhood of America now control.

Read all the languages of earth,
Compare each with another;
Did ever one a word give birth
Like that dear and loved word—mother?

We first hear of him when, in his twentieth year, at the breaking out of our great civil war, he enlisted in his coun-

try's service. His was the will to do and to dare; on his country's altar he laid his all; in the defense of our flag risked his life. Never before then had this world witnessed such unselfish patriotism, such grand sacrifices to principle, or such heroic devotion to his country and flag as was displayed by those heroes, the noble volunteers of 1861 to 1865.

The irksome duties of the camp, the watchful guard kept day and night, the long and tedious march through storm and mud, the bivouac in snow and rain, the struggle with disease on cots of pain or with brave foes upon the battle line defending flag and country are my highest conception of true patriotism.

Then came the news, war has begun,
Brothers engaged in bloody fray:
The advance, the charge, a battle won,
The shallow trench, the mangled son,
The humble prayer, "Thy will be done,"
And bowed heads turning gray;
The hospital, the prison pen,
The skeletons that once were men,
The unmarked graves in shadowy glen,
Come back to us to-day.

One-third of a century ago MONROE L. HAYWARD struck out for himself. To carve out a home and a future he sought the boundless prairies of the West. He became a pioneer, and in 1867 located at Nebraska City, in my State.

Even then the buffalo and Indian roamed at their own sweet will over those great plains, now covered by rich fields and gardens, with thriving towns and villages, peopled by a generous, a happy, an intellectual, and a patriotic people.

To the pioneers who in the past through countless trials and hardships blazed the way for a home, church, school, and the press, we owe a profound and lasting gratitude.

Senator HAYWARD began the practice of the law, and by close attention and constant application he took a high place in the profession in our State. On our level and fertile prairies, with vision unobstructed so far as the eye can reach, men's minds broaden, their sympathies expand, and human aspirations and hopes have boundless range. Senator HAYWARD advanced; he entered the judiciary; he became district judge.

He succeeded financially; for that country he became a wealthy man, yet not at the expense of conscience.

The following incident, told by his tried friend, Dr. Whitten, of Nebraska City, illustrates the character of the man :

Mr. HAYWARD had rented a farm to a poor though honest farmer for a cash rent per acre, money to be paid after the marketing of the crops. Just as all was ready for harvest, by a storm of hail they were beaten to the ground. The honest tenant came to HAYWARD and proposed to mortgage his stock, implements, and furniture to secure the debt, that he might have an opportunity to raise another crop. But Mr. HAYWARD said, "I have only lost the interest on the money that I have invested in my farm, while you have lost your seed and all your year's labor. You do not owe me anything." And he aided the farmer in making another crop.

Senator HAYWARD's ambitions were for his family and country. His family relations were tender and true, and in the sacred precincts of the family circle his great wealth of affection was freely shown, and he was at once the protector, counselor, companion, and friend.

That he succeeded, the happy home he built, the reputation he sustained, the friends he made, the honors we accord him to-day doth well attest. The world is better because he lived; he quitted himself like a man and left an example worthy of emulation by all men.

ADDRESS OF MR. SUTHERLAND, OF NEBRASKA.

MR. SPEAKER: Senator MONROE L. HAYWARD was a prominent character in the history of Nebraska. After having served his country as a volunteer in the dark days of the civil war, he came to our State to establish a home and to practice his profession. For years he was a leading member of the bar and was honored by being appointed to a position on the bench. In 1898 his party called upon him to lead in the campaign, and he made a fair and vigorous canvass for the governorship. The legislature having been carried by his party, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, but Providence saw fit to call him before he entered upon his active duties. Senator HAYWARD was a man of broad and liberal conduct toward those who differed with him upon public questions. I met him frequently during the campaign of 1898, and in no instance did he depart from the kindly and courteous manner that always possessed him. When the news of his death reached me, I felt that not only had the State lost an able citizen, but it was a personal loss to me; for while differing politically, I had come to look upon him as a warm friend.

When on occasions like this we remember the one who has fallen in our midst and who no more will share our responsibilities and labors, it is but natural and fitting that our review of his life should be fraught with the utmost feeling of tenderness. Death is a fact the knowledge of which in its mysterious potency does much to influence the

action and shape the destiny of men. As we pause in remembrance of the years of unrelenting toil and unyielding perseverance of effort, fed by the hidden spring of manly determination and absolute adherence to a great purpose, culminating in lofty character, broad intellectual capacity, and the greatest of all genius, the ability to accomplish by real labor, we wonder how the fact of death, which seems to rob us of all the qualities and attainments of our departed collaborer, can be reconciled with the best and truest end of man.

We see one after another of those whose work seems only partially done, whose purposes are not fully accomplished, and whose lives give promise of much that will be useful and beneficial to their fellow-men stricken down by the ruthless hand that neither pities nor tarries, and we are tempted to believe that all the toil of preparation, the store of wisdom, and the power of accomplishment are in the fact of death lost to us forever. But not so. A truer philosophy and a calmer reason comes to our aid, and a voice cries out within us in spite of our fears, in spite of our doubts and forebodings, that neither death nor any principle, power, or law can destroy and obliterate the character and influence of man. Towering above all other elements, whether inherent or attained, man's moral nature is his most valuable estate. His moral purposes find expression in his actions, and actions repeated become habits. Habits, whether good or bad, in course of time ripen into principles which are the elements entering into the construction of character, which is immortal. No thought ever dies. The influence of no act ever ceases. The power of no example is ever lost. The energy of pure principle is a

living force that no power can destroy, and the character builded of such principle can know no death.

We share to-day the common sorrow that this bereavement brings. Our sympathy is extended to the home from which husband and father is missed and mourned. We appreciate the loss to the community of one whom many delighted to honor. We realize in some measure the loss of a State bereaved of her chosen representative, as also the loss of the nation, one of whose chief council has fallen. Still, in the midst of sorrow and the memory of loss, we are assured that in recounting the forces and elements that make for elevation, progress, and an ideal civilization nothing is or can be lost.

MONROE L. HAYWARD lives! In thought, purpose, and character, in energy and influence, he lives and can not die. While we wait our time to meet the same grim messenger that he has met, while we endure the doubts and fears attendant upon death's relentless agency in changing relation and environment, while we bow of necessity to death's demand upon the flesh, we exult in the fact that is an intuition—the untaught language of our inner nature—which speaks to the world, saying that to man in moral nature and achievement there is no death. In this confidence we approach the future with the prayer—

O Thou of soul and sense and breath,
The ever present Giver,
Unto Thy mighty angel, Death,
All flesh Thou dost deliver;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are Thine,
Who reignest Lord forever!

ADDRESS OF MR. NEVILLE, OF NEBRASKA.

MR. SPEAKER: I should not feel that I had performed my duty as a representative of Nebraska if I failed to use this opportunity to express the great sorrow felt by all Nebraskans by reason of the death of Senator MONROE L. HAYWARD.

My personal acquaintance with him extended over only a few years, but there was nothing hidden in his character, and an acquaintance with him of however short duration revealed as a part of his great individuality the three striking qualities of love, justice, and charity toward his fellow-beings.

I knew of him as one knows the illustrious persons of any State or country long before it was my pleasure to know him personally.

From the members of his political party, which differed from mine, I heard of him as one demanding honesty of purpose and faithful performance of pledges as a prerequisite to party success or his support. He was not an office seeker, but at all times possessed the confidence of the members of his party throughout the State, constantly declining political honors in favor of his fellow-workers, yet universally mentioned as the ideal standard bearer when the task in hand appeared to be herculean.

After his party had for a few years occupied a degraded position in his State, resulting from a criminal and convicted leadership, and while a felon's cell still held the spoilsmen, Judge HAYWARD was called to the helm and

landed his party with a majority in the legislative branch, and for this service he was rewarded with the high office of United States Senator.

From the members of the legal profession, who are best qualified to determine judicial character, I learned that he was a laborious, able, and just judge, always impartial in his rulings, correct in his legal conclusions, genial to the officers of his court, obliging to the witnesses and litigants, and merciful to the convicted unfortunates.

His ability, temperate and frugal habits, and industry enabled him to acquire sufficient of this world's goods for the comfort of his own family and to largely accommodate his needy neighbors, and it is said of him, to his great credit in this day and age, that when a debtor sought of him an extension of time, he got not only the extension asked, but along with it more money to tide him over his perplexity.

Coming into manhood in a period in our history when the great question of human liberty was about to dismember man's ideal government, he enlisted, in 1861, in the Twenty-second New York Infantry Volunteers, and, being transferred to the Fifth New York Cavalry, served his country until sickness and disability caused by exposure in active army campaign compelled his discharge.

Those of us who were near his age and who with him were enthused by patriotism inspired by our country's call and danger can realize what must have been his chagrin when notified that he was not physically able to longer battle in the ranks for a united country.

Words in eulogy, no matter how numerous and high sounding, can only interest those who could not know him

personally. To his acquaintances his greatness was beyond the descriptive powers of combined language. Word painting can in no sense condole the bereaved family surviving. To them stern reality was ineffaceably lodged when the heart of their loved protector ceased to beat, and their only solace is the knowledge that the inestimably good must in the future be rewarded with greater opportunities.

Day after day, year after year, and century after century the minister has said to the mourning throng, "It is God's will;" and with as much uniformity the mourning widow, while shaking her head in agonizing dissent, has murmured to herself, "Why is it I?" forgetting for the time being that I, we, and all are recorded to suffer when God's will discerns less use for our protectors here than in the great realm to which we are all heir. We are too apt to feel that this one of the trials through which all must pass in fulfilling the decree of God has come to us too soon and that it would have pressed more lightly upon other shoulders. Yet upon calm reflection we must see that the hope of long life to us and our dear ones is equally and from the same cause and with the same right the hope of the entire human family.

Let us hope in this instance that God's mercy will aid recuperating nature, and that the desolate widow, with the advantages obtained by contact with such a noble husband, may live long to continue the life work so well carried forward by both.

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[illegible]

Memorial addresses on the life and character of Monroe L. Hayward.

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